



RIGHT OR WRONG. WHEN RIGHT, TO BE KEPT RIGHT, WHEN WRONG, TO BE PUT RIGHT.

EBENSBURG.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 20.

Sir John Franklin.

It is well known to our readers, that in the year 1845, Sir John Franklin was sent out by the British Government, to search for the Northwest Passage to the Pacific Ocean. He had under his command two ships, the Erebus and Terror, and his officers and men numbered 138 persons. The expedition not returning within a reasonable time, fears were entertained that it was lost, and several other expeditions have at different times been sent out to search for it. Two of these, we believe, went out under the auspices of the American Government; and all who have read the graphic record left by the lamented Elisha Kent Kane, are familiar with the details of the sufferings which he and his men were called upon to endure in the search. All these expeditions returning without any definite intelligence as to the fate of the Erebus and Terror, the civilized world have long since given Sir John and his men up as irrevocably lost. Yet every one is curious to learn something of the sufferings of these gallant spirits, and of the manner in which they perished. It is, therefore, a melancholy satisfaction to all, to have, after the lapse of fourteen anxious years, some reliable information as to the fate of the ill-starred expedition.

Lady Franklin, (who it would seem has entertained to the last, the belief that her husband might be still living,) last year sent out an expedition, under command of Captain McClintock, which has recently returned to England, bringing full particulars and many memorials of the lost navigators. At point William, on the northwest coast of King William's Island, a record was found dated April 25, 1848, signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames. The record says the Erebus and Terror were abandoned three days previously, in the ice, five leagues to the N. N. W., and that the survivors, in all amounting to one hundred and five, were proceeding to the Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died on June 11, 1847, and the total deaths to that date had been nine officers and fifteen men. Many deeply interesting relics of the expedition were found on the western shore of King William's Island, and others were obtained from the Esquimaux, who stated that after their abandonment, one of the ships was crushed in the ice and the other forced ashore. Several skeletons of Franklin's men, large quantities of clothing, &c., and a duplicate record of the abandonment of the ship, were discovered.

These discoveries fully confirm the reports that have been received. It will be remembered that, in 1854, Dr. Rae learned from the Esquimaux that a party of about forty white men had been on King William's Island in 1850, and that a few months later, they found their bodies near the Great Fish River. These men were doubtless the last remnant of Franklin's party, who, after the close of the record lately discovered, started southward, and gradually wasted away and perished.

Minute and interesting details of the discoveries of Captain McClintock have been published. But the sympathy excited in behalf of Franklin and his men, will cause the civilized world to look with eagerness for the publication of a full narrative of the expedition and its incidents.

Thanksgiving-Day.

Governor Packer, in common with the Governors of several other States, has selected Thursday, November 24th, as a day for Thanksgiving and prayer. It will, we hope, be remembered by all who have cause to thank God for his many mercies—and who has not? The customary services will doubtless be observed in the several churches of our town. Let the day be kept!

Lost.

During the recent Fair, a lady lost somewhere on the grounds, the clasp of a chain. If found, and left at this office, a suitable reward will be given.



This is the cock that crowed in the morn, To waken the People, all shaven and shorn, To beat the Locos, all forlorn.

And we are the People, (we acknowledge the corn,) Who fought with the Locos, all tattered and torn, And beat them so bad that it is now generally supposed they wish they had never been born.

Glorious News! BUCHANAN REPUDIATED! BIGLER DOOMED!

On the second Tuesday of this month, the PEOPLE of Pennsylvania achieved a victory of which they may well feel proud. The corrupt dynasty at Washington has been signally rebuked. James Buchanan is no longer the "favorite son of Pennsylvania." And it is evident that the place which now knows William Bigler will soon know him no more forever.

The People's candidates for Auditor General and Surveyor General, Messrs. COCHRAN and KEIM, are elected by over 20,000 majority!

In the SENATE, we have secured a working majority for two years to come! Out of eleven Senators elected this fall, ten belong to the People's Party. In our own district, Col. LEWIS W. HALL has been elected by a majority of 611 votes! This result is especially gratifying. It is a just tribute to a deserving man, and is a good index to the fact that the PEOPLE know how to appreciate ability, energy and worth.

In the HOUSE, we will have a majority of 32! The PEOPLE of Cambria have shown their appreciation of RICHARD J. PROUDFOOT by sending him back to the Legislature with a majority of 259! This is a glorious triumph! "Well done, thou good and faithful servant" is its meaning. It will be seen by reference to the Official Returns, that we have also elected E. F. LITTLE and EDWIN A. VICKROY, our candidates for Auditor and Surveyor. The other candidates on our County ticket are defeated; but the majorities against them are so small that we almost feel good over the result. Three years ago the Locos boasted of a majority of over 1300 in Cambria. They can do so no more. The "Mountain County" is about to be redeemed. One more fire, boys, and the work will be accomplished.

Come, then, let us rejoice over this grand result. Bring out the big gun!—Sound the tom-tom! Blow the po-po! Beat the hew-gog! Saw upon the guzzle-fuzzle! Play upon the tootin-horn! and—kick up a fuss generally!

Death of Senator Broderick.

By late arrivals from California, we are informed of the death of David C. Broderick, U. S. Senator from that State. On the morning of the 13th ult., near San Francisco, he engaged in a duel with Hon. David G. Terry, Judge of the Supreme Court, and fell on the first fire, pierced through the lungs, and mortally wounded. He was carried to his residence, near San Francisco, where, after enduring the most intense agony, he expired on the following morning.

The immediate cause of this mortal combat is to be found in the recent gubernatorial canvass in California. Senator Broderick, as is well known, was a prominent anti-Lecompton Democrat, and during the last session of Congress, distinguished himself for great zeal, ability, and manliness in opposing the rotten and corrupt administration of James Buchanan. After the adjournment of Congress, he returned to California, and took an active part in the contest for Governor, supporting the anti-Lecompton candidate. In this course he encountered the opposition of Senator Gwinn, Chief Justice Terry, and other prominent Administration men, and the whole canvass was fraught with the greatest excitement and bitterness. Terry and Broderick, who have long been political enemies, were especially severe upon each other in their speeches, and used personalities freely. When the election was over, Terry demanded an unconditional withdrawal of some alleged offensive remarks made by Senator Broderick, and an apology therefor. Failing to obtain the satisfaction demanded, and being an ultra-Southern in morals as well as in politics, Terry immediately sent a challenge which Broderick accepted, and which has proved so fatal in its consequences.

Senator Broderick was a man of rather conservative ideas, but when he assumed a position, he had the will and the nerve to maintain and defend it. He has been taken off just in the prime of life, not yet having attained the age of thirty-nine years. In him, the Federal Administration has lost an honest, a determined, and an effective opponent, and the people of the United States, a great and good man. In one of his late speeches, he declared that "there was no man who had ever seen him under the influence of liquor, or at a gaming-table, or in any house of doubtful reputation; and that during a long and eventful career, he had discharged every obligation to society and to his fellow-men." If this declaration be true,—and we have not seen or heard it successfully denied,—no more fitting epitaph can be written on his tombstone. Few men leave this world with such a record behind them. The only wonder is, that such a man as Senator Broderick would take part in a hostile meeting which, under the false name of honor, could result in nothing more nor less than—Murder.

EDITORIAL NOTINGS.

Read our new advertisements. Over—the election—Standard. Over (the left)—The "Democracy." Not worth a cuss—The Cir-cus. Numerous—Hats with bricks in them on Wednesday last. Gas is plenty and cheap.—Standard. Yes; so long as the editor of the Standard is in the neighborhood. We were addressing the Democracy.—Standard. And the People have been a dressing them. Admirable.—The police arrangement on the Fair ground.—Standard. It's a great wonder, then, that the editor of the Standard escaped without being arrested. Candid—ain't we?—Standard. Well; you are either candid, canine or canine, and, for the life of us, we can't tell which. The "deduction" is quite as cents-less as the "something else."—Standard. We suppose that is the reason you are so dolorous about it. "Whilst the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return."—Standard. "And if I get there before you do, I'll tell them there's no hope for you."—Bitters.

A young lady out West is charged with putting on airs.—Blair Co. Whip. She ought to dis-charge herself by putting them off.

We notice that, at the Blair County Fair, a lady took the premium for the best Pickles. Where the deuce was our neighbor of the Standard? He should have had that premium.

Singular—That we have not been favored, by some of our opposition friends, with a "free pass" up "eye salt."—Standard. Pity. You had better take "eye salt(s)" and thus favor yourself with a "free pass."

Men are apt to judge the success of others, by the success with which they themselves have met in the same line.—Standard. We suppose this is the standard by which you judged us, when you perpetrated that dreadful pun about "something else."

The Providence Journal speaks of "girls bursting into womanhood." Where-upon Bitters would there is not such a thing as "boys bursting into manhood." Strange fellow, that Bitters! We suppose he has seen some boys "on a burst" lately.

The Standard wishes to know the difference between "eating the Devil and sucking his broth?" If the editor of the Standard were as much of a broth-sucker as he is a rum-sucker, he would know the "difference" without asking.

Small potatoes are always sound, and sometimes hard to digest. Don't you find them so?—Standard.

Well, really we have had no experience in the business. We have always eschewed everything of a flat-ulent nature.

Non est—The Alleghanian last week. What's wrong?—Standard.

For particulars see another column. By the way, neighbor, we are rather flattered by the fact that you noticed our non appearance last week. It would seem that, "though absent, we are still not forgotten."

Pickles suggests that the "Rogue's Dictionary" will be a valuable addition to some of the law libraries of the day.

Bitters suggests, on the contrary, that it would be a work of supererogation to add such a volume to the lie-brary of the Standard editor.

Our "devil" woke up the other morning and was astonished to see a bed-bug sitting on the back of a chair.—Blair Co. Whip. Dampfool says, if your "devil" has any curiosity to see a hum-bug sitting on the top of a chair, he would advise him to peep into the Whip sanctum some morning when the editor is writing a leader.

We are inclined to think that he (Pickles) is more than half right.—Standard.

We are inclined to think that the Editor of the Standard is not more than half right.—Alleghanian.

Admitting the correctness of your estimate, we still have a whole half the advantage of you.—Standard. Certainly; but your advantage consists in the fact that you have the crazy half.

Dampfool (than whom few more ingenious individuals ever lived) has recently made the important discovery, that, by interpolating two letters into the name of the Standard editor, it will spell *outs-traw*; thus: O. A. (T. S.) TRAUGH Bitters says, so far as sound is concerned, this may be perfectly sound, but as to the spell—well, he regards that as the severest spell we have had this fall.

La Mountain and Haddock, who left Watertown a few weeks ago on a balloon excursion, and who were thought to be lost, travelled about three hundred miles and landed in the Canada woods. They lost their balloon and were four days without food, and had it not been for the kind offices of some Indians who conveyed them to a region of civilization, they would most probably have perished.

[CAMP BRADY.] Camp Brady.

To the EDITOR OF THE ALLEGHANIAN:—The Encampment which went by the name of Camp Brady is over. It was a decided success.

The ground occupied by the Encampment was judiciously selected and handsomely situated. It adjoined the western end of the borough of Lock-Haven, in Clinton county, Pa., and is a triangular level field of about fifteen acres; bounded on one side by the Susquehanna River, and on another by the Sunbury and Erie Railroad.

The 23d, 24th and 24th days of September were occupied in erecting the tents, which numbered over two hundred. They were brought from Harrisburg, and are the property of the Commonwealth. They were arranged in rows of nearly a quarter of a mile in length, on that side of the field next the river. From an eminence on the western side of the field, they presented a rare and beautiful appearance, and reminded one of those picture-camps we find in Caesar and Xenophon, and other military text-books. Some of these tents, especially those of the officers, presented quite an air of comfort, were handsomely furnished, and full of hospitality. The rest were furnished more on the substantial, practical order—to wit: a bundle of straw and a blanket.

On Monday, the 26th, the various companies from different parts of the country began to come in, and by Tuesday evening there were eleven companies and five troop of horsemen. The largest company present was the Bellefonte Fencibles—a noble company, in truth, with a place for everything, and everything in its place; clean, neat and trim; and perfectly at home in their rich uniforms, and military drill. They were much and deservedly admired, and had a public dinner given them by the ladies of the town, in Scott's Hall. In the estimation of many, they carried off the honors of the occasion.

The Woodward Guards, commanded by Capt. Dodge, the Taggart Guards, commanded by Capt. Crow, and the Limestone Rangers, commanded by Capt. Mixel, all from Lycoming county, did themselves great credit. They are worthy of the name of "our citizen soldiery." In their various military maneuvers and evolutions, they strikingly exemplified the axiom that "Practice makes perfect," for it was evident that they had not been idle.

The Ringgold Artillery, and several other companies from Clinton county, made fine appearances; but the Lock Haven Artillery out-did themselves—and how could they help it? With such an officer as Capt. Garrett, who could not be a soldier? Drill, drill! with sword in hand he put them through, "from early dawn till dewy eve."—fill his men moved with grace and precision, at the tap of the drum, through every command. The Captain in his military vocation, as he is in railroad making, and every other operation he undertakes, is a thorough-going, go-ahead man, with head and heart large enough for any honorable undertaking.

The several troop of horsemen, numbering in all nearly two hundred, were an imposing and splendid sight. Richly caparisoned, they rode through the various movements pertinent to this mode of warfare—at one time moving slowly and in compact order, and at another charging, sword in hand, "with the spleen of fiery dragons." The number of soldiers present at this encampment was variously estimated, from four to five hundred, and the spectators at not less than five thousand. Wednesday and Thursday, the 28th and 29th, were the great days at Camp Brady. A large portion of each day was occupied in practicing the art of war. The Encampment was reviewed by Gen. D. K. Jackson, a splendid man and officer. It is said he was unwell during the most of the time, but he was never absent from his post of duty.

After the review, on Thursday, the whole Encampment fell into line, and marched 'round' the town, with the several officers at the head of their respective companies. The whole preceded by Gen. D. K. Jackson and his Aids, Majors Leutz, Bames, Wonderly, Guite, Thorn, Cauffield, Mayer, and others.

Conspicuous among the Brigade officers were to be seen Brig. Gen. Biddle, Brig. Gen. Smyth, Col. A. C. Noyes, Col. Isaac Bruner, Lieut. Col. G. W. Crane, Adj. James Hemphill, and others. It was a splendid sight—flags flying, bayonets glistening, swords clashing, drums beating, together with all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," except the blood, which only flowed through the exultant hearts of "fair women and brave men." There were two bands of music from Lycoming county, the Repas and Williamsport; one from Bellefonte; the two Lock-Haven bands, and one or two others, on the ground. They each numbered from fourteen to twenty members. I am not a sufficient connoisseur in music to say which excelled, but surely such music cannot be found fault with. Everybody was charmed; everybody was delighted; and what everybody says must be true. Such a feast of music the good people of Lock-Haven never enjoyed before.

On Thursday evening, our worthy nominee for Surveyor General, Gen. William H. Keim, was serenaded, at the Fallow House, after which he thanked the Band and the people for their manifestations of kindness and good will, and invited them all up to his room, where, he said, "the latch-string always hangs out." His remarks were few, and not of a political character. The General is a fine looking, affable, pleasant man, and will undoubtedly fill the office to which he is bound to be elected with ability and credit.

The weather during the whole encampment was remarkably fine—neither hot nor cold, but pleasant.

Melons and fruit of every kind indigenous to this country were cheap and abundant, as also were cider and gingerbread, lager and pretzels, and the usual "flow of spirits" that are bound to "fetch" one on the long run. Truly yours, *.*

LOCK HAVEN, Oct. 3, 1855.

ELECTION RETURNS—OFFICIAL.

Table with columns for DISTRICTS, names of candidates, and election results. Includes districts like Allegheny, Blair, Cambria, etc.

Table titled 'The Next Legislature' showing the composition of the Senate and House of Representatives by district and party affiliation.

The following is the official vote for Senator, in this District: Blair, 1281; Cambria, 2070; Clearfield, 1382. Total, 4733.

1859. DAN. C. MORRIS, 1859. FASHIONABLE HATS & CAPS, Main Street, OPPOSITE THE MANSION HOUSE, Johnstown, Pa.

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—The undersigned takes this method of informing the FASHIONABLES of Ebensburg and vicinity that he has commenced business in this town, two doors west of E. J. Mills' Grocery. He is a MASTER CUTTER, and fully competent to satisfy the most fastidious. T. L. JAMES. Ebensburg, Oct. 20, 1855-3m.